

WOMEN WORRYING OVER FALL CLOTHES

Are Making Preparations for
the First Frosty Days
of Autumn.

Distasteful as sewing is to the majority of women, at this time of the year, it often has to be done. Those who have no leisure later on take advantage of a breathing spell now and make up the first few things needed for the first sharp days.

They do not want the extremes of fashion, but they want something that will last without being conspicuously old-fashioned.

Instead of struggling with a coat suit, which many of them do, they should get the new simple cashmere or handwoven or very thin serge. The latter is going to be quite smart for blouse frocks during the winter.

Still Circular Skirts.
There will usually be a coat to match, but the woman who can't afford a three-piece suit and has another kind of a top coat can take advantage of this fashion.

All she needs is a good skirt pattern of the new kind; something gored and circular which fastens down the front. If she prefers, she can have it fastened down the left side with a blouse to correspond.

This model for a very thin woolen voile could be followed out in any of the fabrics mentioned.

The skirt, which is a four-gored circular, is fastened down the left side with large, flat, blue buttons to match the material, made of wood finished with a dull polish. They extend from waist to hem.

The blouse is laid in extra fine accordion pleats, is fastened down the side with the large flat buttons and finished with a two-inch edge of pleated blue silk mull, used double and edged with satin ribbon.

The pleated sleeves are three-quarter length, and are finished with turnover cuffs of material edged with the frills of mull and ribbon. The neck finish is a boned stock of blue mull, bound at the top with ribbon, and finished with lace ruching.

Below this, at the neckband, is a wide Dutch collar of blue mull, with a ruffled batiste, fastened in front with a flat bow of blue satin.

Such a frock as this bears the mark of good taste and smartness in every detail, and yet it could be copied at home by a woman who knows something of cutting and fitting.

Coats for Later Wear.
It is never wise for a woman to attempt to make a coat or to predict the styles to come as early as this. For those who are compelled to get up their wardrobe the first rumors of what will be done later on may be of interest, and of some help.

Cutaway coats are prophesied in every line from Paris, but they are not the cut we are now wearing. The models show long back pieces which hang with a certain degree of skimpiness and fronts that fasten only to the belt.

Some of these are buttoned from the waist to the belt; others have wide revers and are finished with only three buttons.

Many of them cut away sharply in front like a man's dress coat, showing a waistcoat that buttons nearly to the neck. Others are double-breasted, with four buttons below the bust, two in a line, and above these are immense double revers, usually made of two fabrics.

**POLISH ON DINING TABLE
MAY BE PRESERVED
FROM SCRATCHES**

The home dressmaker who does not use a special sewing table or even a padded table to use her dining-room table for cutting and basting, to the damage of the polished surface.

The next time you sew put the felt over your table, then turn the extra leaves upside down on top of it. Your sewing will not suffer and the table will be saved.

In default of a table a floor may be used for cutting out, though somewhat hard on the dressmaker who is not up to the modern methods of physical culture.

If the floor is carpeted a sheet should be spread, but a hard wood surface is excellent if carefully wiped up.

EVEN NECKTIES OF KID.

Charming belts and ties of leather and kid are shown in almost all the needwork shops, in all colors and in all sizes. The ties are merely made into bows that pin to the stiff collar, while the belts are straight pieces of kid, which may be used with any buckle, and are, therefore, just as convenient as belting, and wear a much longer time.

When soiled, both belts and ties may be cleaned in gasoline, and they will come out just as good as new. The sets are particularly effective in white kid, and they go most beautifully with a white linen frock.

A visitor from New York recently appeared in a brown and white tailored suit with cuffs and collar of tobacco-colored linen. With the suit she wore a white linen waist with a stiff collar, a brown suede tie and a brown suede belt. The suede matched the revers of the coat.

PEACOCK FEATHERS.

There has been a revival this late season of the peacock feather as a design. It is stamped in green and blue chiffon scarves and it has made its appearance in borders in thin gauze and chiffon frocks.

It will be embroidered on silk and net and satin for trimming, and it will be named on metal for belt buckles and brooches.

WHY, INDEED.

"Old Bach is thinking seriously about marriage."

"Why should he think seriously about marriage, he isn't married?"—Exchange.

LOCAL MENTION.

Holmes' Pies Are Known.
For their delicious flavor and their rich, crisp crusts. Delivered direct, 28c. Home made Milk Bread, 3c. Holmes' Bakery, 1st and E sts. Phones Lincoln 1440 and 1441.

Start Shorthand With Us.
New class September 2. The D.illery, 1100 New York avenue.

1 Lb. 30c Tea, Any Kind, for 25c; 25c Coffee, 2c; Everybody's Coffee, 15c; Wilbur's Cocoa, 10c. J. T. D. Pyles' stores.

Big Vaudeville Bill, Talking Pictures, Majestic Theater, 10c. Tell your friends.

Chicago Jewel Gas Ranges Are the best. C. A. Muddiman & Co., 616 12th st.

Taft Declares for Women's Rights, But Qualifies His Statement When Interviewed by "Dolly and I"

Big Candidate Busy Every Minute Although Campaign
Has Not Begun—Finds Time to Be
Courteous.

Dolly and I sat in the seats of the mighty recently and watched the political game as it is played. To be exact and precise, things were loath to be, we waited in the reception room of the suite occupied by Mr. William Howard Taft at the Homestead Hotel, Virginia Hot Springs, for many, many hours, and were initiated into the way a Presidential candidate takes his recreation, for we had understood that this was Mr. Taft's vacation time, in which he was preparing for the strenuous days which are to follow.

From across the hall, in the room wherein was stationed Fred W. Carpenter, Mr. Taft's secretary, came the sound of a busy typewriter and the frequent tinkle of the telephone bell. Men passed in and out of this apartment, and newspaper reporters haunted its portals. A colored messenger, very important and pompous, rushed about, occasionally stopping to speak to some one whom he knew. Once we heard him tell an acquaintance: "I've been talking politics to Mr. Shonts; 'deed I has. You oughter heard meh."

"Mr. Shonts!" exclaimed Dolly, and then we both gazed after the tall man with gray hair who was just disappearing within the door which led, by a circuitous route, to Mr. Taft.

Begins to Read Speech.
"That settles us," said the family, and began to read the only literature which the room afforded, which happened to be the Republican candidate's speech of acceptance.

There were other persons waiting, and one of these whispered directly, "There goes Postmaster General Meyer." And, sure enough, that distinguished gentleman followed Mr. Shonts.

"If I had known all the great ones of earth were here, I shouldn't have come," Dolly told me, and prepared for a long, long wait.

The editor of a New York paper with two companions came in and sat in one corner of the room, and began an animated discussion as to what it costs to make automobiles. A newspaper man wandered by, seeing an empty table and a bottle of ink, he promptly began a long story to his paper about events.

Directly a very tall and very heavy man, whose head was partially covered by a partially covered with red hair, came by with a companion and took in the situation through the crack of the door. "That is Burr McIntosh," whispered the newspaper man. "He's the official photographer, and has taken some splendid photographs of Taft since he has been down here."

Mr. McIntosh went into Mr. Carpenter's room and spoke to that keeper of the door. Then he wandered out again, absent-mindedly, and a tall, slender and elegant man, who was wearing a suit with a heavy mustache went into the room opposite, and sitting down at a table within sight of the door, began to write. The newspaper man made a rush for him.

Mr. Pinchot Busy.
"Oh! Mr. Pinchot, I wanted to ask you—" he commenced, and the remainder was lost to us.

"That is Mr. Pinchot," asked Dolly. "He is the gentleman who is preserving our forests for us," I told her. "If it were not for his efforts, there wouldn't be a tree left in this country by this time."

"Well, he must have been rather pleased with what he saw coming down the Chesapeake and Ohio, if he is fond of woods," returned my friend.

Time passed. The distinguished editor and his companions went from automobiles to corn "on the hoof," and cartoons without turning a hair. The newspaper man chuckled his way, and I heard him mutter something about "seeing Vorys."

A tall, gaunt negro, dressed very elegantly in a frock-coat and carrying a silk hat, entered and, drawing out a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles, began to read Mr. Taft's speech of acceptance. He wore on the lapel of his coat, ostentatiously displayed, a "T. W. M." badge.

He was ornamented in like fashion, we discovered, when a movement he made brushed his coat aside and revealed a "T. W. M." badge.

The colored messenger, perceiving in him an acquaintance, apparently, came in and accosted him.

"Say, 'd you ever read the speech that 'Bryant' made at Coopers Union some time ago—I don't rightly remember the year, but anyway, it was about the colored people?"

Gaunt Negro Silent.

The gaunt colored man said he remembered, but refused to pursue the conversation. Apparently he had something on his mind which kept him from enjoying light conversation.

"Do you suppose it is Booker Washington?" Dolly whispered to me.

"No; Booker is rotund, I think," I whispered back.

A mountain shower came up suddenly and the rain descended in sheets. It passed and the sun came out again, but the shadows were greatly lengthened.

"It must be a conference of state, indeed," said Dolly, referring to the conference of big guns across the way.

Two newspaper men near by whispered that the subject of the conversation was the financing of the campaign and that it was indeed important.

After a long, long time there was the hubbub of departing visitors from the other side of the hall, and directly a group of men emerged from that apartment and went away, and Mr. Carpenter came in and told the editor and his friends they might go in.

Dolly and I were very much interested in Mr. Carpenter. Dolly went so far as to say that he would out-Lamont Lamont and out-Loeb Loeb if he ever had the opportunity. He is a pale young man of medium height, with an exceedingly quiet and undemonstrative manner but an air of responsibility which greatly impressed us.

He can, I imagine, hold his tongue in seven languages. More than that he is exceedingly tactful, holding off important visitors with equal skill and diplomacy.

Son Charles Comes In.
While the conference between the editor and his companions and Mr. Taft was going on, Charles Phelps Taft, Mr. Taft's younger son, came through the hall and went into Mr. Carpenter's room. He is a sturdy youth, with an interesting face and a "bang."

"Where's papa?" he asked, and hung around for some time, apparently waiting for an interview with his paternal parent on his own account.

It was quite 6:30 o'clock when Mrs. Taft came. She wore an afternoon gown of black lace over white silk, and a hat trimmed with black plumes, and she, too, disappeared within Mr. Carpenter's office, apparently seeking information about her husband, for directly a man's voice was heard over the telephone giving an order that the horses be sent back to the stable.

There was a call over the long-distance phone from New York, and more newspaper men strayed in and out, and around, asking questions and preparing copy.

"I thought the campaign had not yet commenced," said Dolly, discontentedly. "It hasn't. These are just the preliminaries," I returned.

Almost Dark.
It was almost dark when a cherry voice was heard bidding the last visitor good-by, and then there was a quick step across the hall, and Mr. Taft entered the room in which Dolly and I sat, feeling almost that we had been there so long. The candidate came up to us and Mr. Carpenter introduced us.

He took my hand in his and held it with a firm grasp.

"Why, madame," he said, in his deep and kindly voice, "I don't give interviews."

I felt that the end had certainly come. "Don't give interviews?" I cried. "I have been waiting for you all these hours."

"Have you?" asked the candidate, and listened to the explanation of why I had come. "I am going to let you put the gimlet into me," and accordingly he sat me down in a comfortable armchair and prepared to talk.

Taft Still in Riding Clothes.
It was now 7 o'clock, and Mr. Taft was still in the riding togs which he had assumed with the idea, evidently, of taking a ride during the afternoon. He had a dinner engagement in a few minutes; he had been at his desk since early in the afternoon, discussing very important issues with some of the most prominent men in the country. He must have been very much fatigued; yet he turned to me now as courteously and as amiably as if I were a Cabinet officer or, at the very least, an issue of "The Nation."

"Where shall we begin?" he asked. "Let us begin with woman," I said. "Are you in favor of woman's suffrage?"

Mr. Taft has a very judicial and deliberate utterance, and it was particularly judicious and deliberate when he replied: "I have been asked that question before. I spoke once to the Civic Federation at Carnegie Hall, and after my address I answered such questions as were written down, and of paper and sent up to me. One of the questions was about suffrage for women, and I answered that I did believe in it."

"Do you, really?" I asked, eagerly, as the judge paused, for here certainly was great news.

For Woman's Suffrage, If—
"That is," he went on, not noticing my ejaculation, "I believe that women should have the suffrage as soon as a sufficient percentage of them have acquired the necessary qualifications. I believe that the feminine vote will indicate the wishes of the majority of better-class women in the country. You see, I am afraid that a number of very good women will feel that they are not qualified to vote and that this will lower the average of intelligence of the woman voter."

"Which means that you don't believe in suffrage at all," I complained, disappointedly, and Judge Taft merely smiled.

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MME. FRITZSCHEFF WILL MARRY AGAIN

This Time He Is Not a Nobleman, Just Plain American, John Fox, Jr.

For once, at least, the folk who gossip about theatrical personages seem to have hit it right. The rumors that Mme. Fritz-Scheff is to marry again—rumors that have been quite persistent since she obtained a divorce from the Baron von Bardeleben—are now believed to be unquestionably true.

Fritz-Scheff, then, the fascinating little woman whom Paderewski called the "little devil" of grand opera, the star of several high-class comic operas, and one of the beauties of the stage of today, is about to marry again. The about does not signify time, however, because the day is the puzzling point in all the gossip—everyone knows the story is true, but no one knows how soon it will be consummated.

Fritz-Scheff is not to marry a nobleman this time, nor a German, but an American, a Kentuckian and an author. John Fox, Jr., author of several books dealing with Kentucky life, is the man to whom the finger of gossip points, and no one dares to say that it is not the singer who will wed in the future.

Will the singer quit the stage when she becomes the bride of the correspondent and author? She will not quit it at once, that is certain, since she is now under contract with New York's best manager for some years yet. So while it is admitted that Mme. Fritz-Scheff is going to marry some one, and while every one is positive that the person is John Fox, Jr., no one knows definitely just when the wedding will occur, nor when the Madame Fox, Jr., to-be, can leave the stage. It is a long, long way from Broadway to Big Stone Gap, Va., where John Fox, Jr., makes his home.

an takes more interest in politics than does the man. The two sometimes make up their minds together as to which is the better candidate. Neither can be said to influence the other—they simply argue the matter and finally agree on a man. But women do very often exert an influence in politics which politicians consider beneficial. I have spoken in Idaho, Colorado and Virginia of which States women have the suffrage; and I tell you there is something very inspiring in finding them as responsive and as enthusiastic as the men in the audience—sometimes more so—and in remembering that they are also voters.

Presently Judge Taft, being gently led to do so, spoke of his children.

"I have three children, a son and two daughters," he said. "He is sophomore at Yale," he said. "He is eighteen, and yes, he is interested in the election. He reads the newspaper accounts very carefully, but he doesn't say much. He is a quiet fellow."

Helen Now Seventeen.
"Helen—let me see, how old is Helen? Robert was born in—um—um—yes, Helen must have been born in 1891, so she is just seventeen. At all events, when she writes she sends her love to the Presidential candidate." Charles, the youngest child, is very much excited over the prospects of the campaign.

"Will you tell me what you consider the weakest plank in the Democratic platform?" I asked.

Mr. Taft laughed the infectious laugh which is sure to become celebrated before the campaign is over.

"No, I don't think I will do that. I don't believe in the Democratic platform now," he responded, amiably.

"Do you know Mr. Bryan personally?" "No. At least, I met Mr. Bryan in California in 1900, but only for a short time, and I have not seen him since, so I really cannot say I am acquainted with him."

"Is it true that you walk over the golf course every day?" I asked, eagerly, as the judge paused, for here certainly was great news.

"No, I do not walk over the golf course every day," he said. "I walk over the golf course every day, but only for a short time, and I have not seen him since, so I really cannot say I am acquainted with him."

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TO WED KENTUCKIAN



MISS FRITZ SCHEFF,
Who Is to Marry John Fox, Jr., It Is Said.

**DUTCH COLLAR WITH STOCK
FITS NECK CLOSELY AND
LOOKS WELL**

The newest piece of neckwear sent out from the French shops is a scalloped Dutch collar attached to a high-boned stock to match.

It fits the neck perfectly, and in this respect it takes careful cutting and sewing.

The first models are made on handkerchief linen, cut into deep pointed scallops, with their edges buttonholed and scalloped.

The design is one of pin dots separating groups of fuchias. These flowers are arranged in bunches of three, and the center one is long enough to reach to the middle of the scallops.

The stock has the same design in a smaller measurement. The edges of the stock and the Dutch collar are finished with a tiny pleating of fine Val lace. These fasten down the back with tiny silk buttons and loops, although they are on slips of fabric, not the front by means of tiny buttonholes at the side of both edges, which are threaded with narrow velvet ribbon tied in bows bow with ends at the lowest scallop.

by the hand, and as I stood beside him I felt like a very small child, while the men in the room looked dwarfed. The candidate may weigh 300 pounds or he may weigh 350, as he is variously rumored to do; but, whatever his avoirdupois, he is not much to look at. He is so tall and compactly built that no one would call him fat.

He looks like his photograph, only much more so. His eyes are so much bluer than one expects to find them, his hair so much darker, and his complexion so much ruddier that he gives an impression of great vigor and vitality.